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APRIL, 1898

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THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

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The President of the Association and Dr. Parkhurst will spend the summer abroad. It is probable that they will sail May 25th on the *Majestic*, and will spend the early part of the summer wheeling on the beautiful roads and among the lovely scenery of Normandy. Thence they will go to spend a few weeks in the Black Forest and Germany, and finally to Switzerland. The latter part of the season will see them in Paris, where Mrs. Parkhurst will inform herself as to the most recent developments of the work.

We point attention to the call to the Annual Meeting on another page, and emphasize the request of the committee that every Auxiliary be represented in Boston. The exercises promise to be particularly interesting. A number of fine speakers have been secured and a delightful programme prepared. A larger place than usual has been allotted to reports from Auxiliaries, and it is hoped that no Auxiliary will fail to send a report and a reporter.

A very interesting work has been going on of late in our Rue Royale Hall. Lord Radstock, who has long been a zealous friend of the Mission, and who frequently gives a portion of time to work in our halls, has been carrying on in this one a mission to the "upper ten thousand," with the help of some Russian ladies of rank. No advice as to the success of the work has as yet been received, but the mere attempt is deeply interesting.

Several interesting photographs of halls and workers in various parts of France have lately been received at the Bureau. Our friends who may visit Philadelphia will find it worth while to look them over when calling at the Bureau. The photographs will be taken to the Annual Meeting.

We have not alluded in the RECORD to the attacks that have been made for sometime past in the French press, and otherwise, against all that is called by the name of Protestant. We have thought it as well not to call too much attention to this; but, perhaps, we cannot do better than reproduce the notes of an address given by Pastor Theodore Monod, at the Annual Meeting of the Scottish Auxiliaries in Glasgow, last autumn. What is there stated will give to our friends an idea of the source and of the nature of these attacks.

The Mission has not been spared, and we feel encouraged to note that the steady work of the past twenty-five years has borne so much fruit. There can be no doubt that the enemy is working hard to overthrow all that is being done for the spread of the Gospel in France, and the battle will become harder and the opposition more violent as time goes on. This, however, is an argument for and not against the more vigorous prosecution of our Mission work. As has been abundantly proved, the McAll Mission comes home to the hearts of the common people, those who are most quick to feel the affect of these attacks, as no other form of Protestantism does, and the true way to disarm the enemies of evangelical faith is to bring the truth home to the hearts of the people, as our Mission so signally has done.

The Pastor of the American Church, Paris, the Rev. E. C. Thurbur, D. D., while visiting this country last summer, made the following remark: "The results of the McAll Mission are best shown by the words of the Rev. Theodore Monod: 'I venture to think that the progress of evangelical truth in France—that progress which is now arousing such bitter opposition and calumny—is due, in a large measure, to the diffusion of the Gospel through the length and breadth of our land by means of the McAll Mission.'"

MCALL MISSION BOOKLETS.

We have now eleven booklets, which give interesting stories connected with the Mission work in France, and also information concerning the need and the extent of the Mission. We invite all our friends to send to the Bureau for copies for circulation.

No. 1, *The Present Outlook in France*, by Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D.

No. 2, *A Few Questions Answered*, by Mrs. G. T. Dodds.

No. 3, *Two French Anarchists and the Gospel*, by Prof. J. L. Bertrand, Paris.

No. 4, *Brave Little Louis: A True Story for the Children*, by W. S.

No. 5, *Much Forgiven*.

No. 6, *The Gospel for France*, by W. S.

No. 7, *The Need of Temperance Work in France*, by W. S.

No. 8, *Worth Saving: Two Trophies of the Work at Marseilles*.

No. 9, *At Last: A Tale of Old Paris*.

No. 10, *Impossible with Men*.

No. 11, *On the Silent Highway: Le Bon Messager and its Work*.

Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7 and 11 are specially suitable for distributing among those who know nothing of the work of the Mission.

CALL TO THE ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Convention will take place in Boston on Thursday and Friday, the 5th and 6th of May. The day meetings will be held in the chapel of the First Baptist Church, corner of Commonwealth Avenue and Clarendon Street. The public meeting of Thursday evening will be held in the Central Congregational Church, corner of Berkeley and Newbury Streets. There will also be a public meeting on Wednesday evening in the chapel of the Central Congregational Church. Communications from Auxiliaries as to entertainment of delegates should be addressed to Miss Fannie Heard, 24 Blagden Street, Boston, Mass.

It will be remembered that each Auxiliary is entitled to send delegates to the number of five, and the ladies in Boston extend a most cordial and urgent invitation to the Auxiliaries to send the full number of delegates. While the Committee on Arrangements takes this opportunity of reminding the Auxiliaries that in the opinion of the Board, made wise by experience, no means of increasing the interest in the work we love is so beneficial as the attendance of intelligent delegates at the Convention, who return to their homes filled with enthusiasm which they cannot help imparting to their constituencies.

We hope the meeting in Boston will be a most enjoyable one. Certainly no pains will be spared to make it so. It is designed to have, as last year, a lecture on the evening preceding the first meeting, and to have, as before, several ten-minute talks from women of our own workers who are interested and successful, that we may be the gainers by their experience and advice.

The opportunity of meeting in Boston is an advantage well worth considering, and the date selected is at the time when the city should be in beautiful dress, and when we may expect the finest weather.

Let each Auxiliary do herself the justice to be represented at this gathering by as large a delegation as she can possibly send, and she will find her next year's work perceptibly easier for it.

ELIZABETH J. DIMOCK,

MAY HART PERKINS,

Committee on Arrangements.

M. Lockert, our evangelist at St. Quentin has accepted another post and has been succeeded by M. Bollier who had formerly worked with success in the department of the Hautes Alpes. From Liévin comes the news that in the hamlet of Condé the meetings are well attended, as well by Roman Catholics as by Protestants. They are very orderly and appear to meet a real need.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN FRANCE.

A recent number of the *New York Observer*, in an article under this title, contains the following reference to our Mission :

“The McAll Mission is doing a noble work in the French provinces. Its agents are sometimes evangelists, devoting themselves to this special work ; sometimes pastors, who carry on an evangelistic effort in connection with the oversight of the Protestant congregations. In one case, at Calais, the work is managed by a Swiss gentleman, the engineer of a large factory, with the assistance of his wife. God has blessed their faithful labors in the conversion of the most notorious character in the town, a blatant Anarchist, who was generally out of work, and who, when he did get work, spent all that he earned in drink, so that his wife and children were dependent on begging, and the latter were ultimately removed from his care. Now he and his wife are earnest Christians. He has gone through the severe trial of losing a good situation through refusing to work on Sunday, but has since found a still better situation in a Protestant factory, where this is not required. Recently the French judges, on proof of his changed life, have restored to him the custody of his children.”

After an allusion to the movement among the priests, more particularly described in another part of this number, the article goes on :

“Have not American Christians a duty to perform in helping forward the emancipation of France from superstition and incredulity? They have not to face the unpopularity of Englishmen at the present time, and I am sure the McAll Mission would rejoice to welcome a contingent of workers from the United States, men and women truly called of God to such a service, and young enough to acquire proficiency with modern colloquial French and a fairly good pronunciation and accent: American money has, I know, been liberally sent to France ; that which is given to the McAll Mission, with its broad undenominationalism, is well applied, though I cannot say the same with regard to some that has been devoted to narrow sectarian interests. But France needs men more than money ; the French Protestants could themselves find all the money needed if they were stirred up to the point of real sacrifice and devotion of themselves and their all to the Lord. What they need for this is, it seems to me, the example of fellow Christians from other Protestant lands, willing, like Dr. and Mrs. McAll, to give up home and fatherland, without earthly reward, in order to win souls for Christ ; who will say, ‘Here am I, send me.’”

We quote this last paragraph especially to correct a misapprehension to which it has given rise, namely, that France needs no more *money* from abroad, but only *workers*. The author, indeed, does not say so, but says that if French

Protestants could be stimulated up to a certain point by the disinterested example of workers from abroad, *then*, in that case, they would find all the money that would be needed for the evangelization of France. Even this, however, appears to those who are familiar with the true state of things to be hardly a correct view of the case. As a matter of fact, the French Protestants, in the deep poverty or narrow means which, with very few exceptions, are the rule with the Protestants of France, are now giving and for two generations past have given, in proportion to their numbers, at least four times as much for religious purposes as the Protestants of these United States, with their abounding wealth, are giving or have given. Surely, if this country is to stimulate them to a more rigid self-denial in the cause, it would more appropriately be done by gifts which would set the example of at least equal self-denial. As for workers, although France would no doubt welcome any suitable persons, speaking French or capable of learning to speak it, who, like Dr. and Mrs. McAll, might be willing to work at their own charges, it is certain that the McAll Mission is far from finding any lack of active co-operation among the French people themselves. Five out of six of all the workers in the Mission are French people, and wherever a new station is planted, both pastors and people of the nearest Protestant churches, though they may be miles away, hail with joy the opportunity for evangelistic work thus offered to them.

So far as can now be foreseen, the number of McAll Mission halls might be indefinitely multiplied without causing any lack of workers. But it is impossible to increase the number of stations, precisely from lack of money. It cannot be too often repeated, the French people are giving all the money that we have any right to expect them to give until our own gifts are multiplied at least four-fold. They are ready to provide laborers almost without limit for the work of evangelization; it is for us to provide the money.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

In Nantes a series of stereopticon lectures was given last January. One of them, on "Intemperance and Its Consequences," produced a profound effect upon the large audience. As our readers know, the Mission lends active co-operation to the work of the Blue Cross Temperance Society. The former president of this society, Pastor Escande, the pastor of our Grenelle Station, until he was called to Madagascar to take the place of his murdered cousin, organized a section of the Blue Cross in Salle Rivoli not long before his departure. It has now thirty members. In Montreuil-sous-Bois there is a section of the Blue Cross with thirty-one members of different grades. The Sunday-school children of this station are very active in this work, and the parents of several of them have been led, by their children's influence, to join the society.

DON'T LET THE AUXILIARIES DIE.

A lady brought to a friend, with much tender care and solicitude, across the sea, a tiny ivy plant from the walls and ruins of romantic and historic Kenilworth. The recipient, delighted, watched closely its growth, and tenderly cared for it until at last it was deemed worthy of a place in a costly jardinière, and was shown, with much pride, to admiring friends as "My ivy from Kenilworth."

After a while it lost its novelty—became an old story—and, in the demands of society and the life of the busy city, we all know so well, it was quite overlooked and forgotten. One day the visit of the lady who "con amore" had brought it across the sea made it naturally a subject of inquiry and conversation. "Oh, I don't see what is the matter with my ivy!" said the annoyed recipient. "It seems to be gradually dying out." "Have you watered it regularly and attended to it carefully?" "Well, no; for one thing, and another has taken my time, and, to tell the truth, I have frequently quite forgotten it." "Then there is no mystery. It is dying of *starvation* and *neglect*! Care for it as watchfully and tenderly as you did at first, and it may come up again."

* * * * *

It is a common, an everyday story in many of our lives. "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety" in everything. More misery and unhappiness ensues from neglect than from intention. Frequently we hear complaints from one quarter and another of the McAll Auxiliaries, once so flourishing, "so run down." "Some of our ladies feel we must disband," etc. A lady from an inland town writes: "We have no president; the interest has quite died out," etc., etc., and, "What can we do?"

First, no new interest will be enkindled without *work*! Nothing is accomplished by sitting with folded hands and sighing because the ways of Zion mourn. *Find a president, if even you have to be a poor one yourself.* Give earnest prayer and heed to the whole work. Find interesting facts and literature upon the subject, and talk about it as freely as about the last tea or society function. Go to work methodically; canvass the church or town, and show at least as much vigor and determination as would be required to get up a whist club. Begin at Jerusalem! Be in earnest *yourself*! Realize it is the Master's work, and the welfare of precious souls hangs upon it. Do not be *driven by duty*, but allowed by the blessed *privilege* of being a co-worker with Christ! Oh, if one-half of the time, the thought, the vitality that the rank and file of professing Christianity put into "the life that now is" could be as heartily thrown into the work of Him who lay down life for us, Zion would have no use for habiliments of woe, but would be filled with gladness.

If the Auxiliary is "running down" get warmed up and stir yourself, and the first thing you know the next one to you will take fresh heart of grace. Nothing is more contagious than enthusiasm; nothing more blighting and deadening than discouragement and "giving up." The McAll work is grander, fuller and deeper than ever! Every year is telling. In the Sunday-schools already are teachers who came in originally as scholars. You all know the story of the little child who saw a tiny leak in the protecting dyke of Holland. She knew what it meant, and so for hour after hour she held her little hand over it until, almost exhausted, she was found. But she saved the land! Do not let an Auxiliary die. Do not let its life ebb away because of neglect. Put your hand over it and save it for France—for the dear Lord Christ. It is said that when Dickens was writing in serial form, "Old Curiosity Shop," the tension of feeling was so great, that he received numberless letters begging him "not to let Little Nell die."

So in remembrance of the good work done, in recognition of what it may be our privilege and exceeding joy in the present and the future to do for this wonderful McAll Mission, we would send out one long, imploring cry, "Do not let the Auxiliaries die."
W. B. L.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY AND THE MISSION.

An agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society writes thus to Mr. Greig: Without having anything very special to tell you, I yet think that some of our friends, who are working without seeing much result of their work, may be encouraged by learning that the monthly reports of our colporteurs are *full* of observations like this:

"At X, Monsieur Y. was delighted to see me and to be able to procure a New Testament. He told me that he had heard them talk about the gospel in the McAll Salle at B—, and that ever since he had desired to study it."

A similar testimony was long ago given by Dr. Gustave Monod, the president of the French branch of the Bible Society. He said that the McAll stations prepared the way for the colporteurs of the Society, awakening in the minds of those who attended the meeting an interest in the Bible and a desire for a better acquaintance with it.

In Lille and Roubaix the prospects are more encouraging than they have been for sometime. At Lille, Pastor Quiévreux has been joined by Pastor Nick, who will, we are sure, prove an able worker in that difficult sphere. At Roubaix, Pastor Gounelle carried on the winter's campaign with much energy.

THE SUNDAY AND THURSDAY SCHOOLS OF ROANNE.

The work among the children is carried on in a suburb of this city—La Berche, from which place the leader wrote in December last. Since the opening, on the second Sunday of October, we have always had an average of thirty or forty children on Sunday and Thursday. On Sunday, we form classes and seek to interest the children by telling them New Testament stories. As they are very fond of singing, we take advantage of this to teach them the hymns in the McAll collection, which they call songs, and also, just now, Christmas choruses. The trouble with this school is the lack of regularity in the children. Last year there were new children every Sunday almost. We have much trouble also in keeping a degree of order. This year, thanks to the plan of calling the roll, things go better. We have even children who have not been absent once.

The Sunday-school is certainly very interesting, and it is a pleasure to see all this troop of children singing heartily our beautiful hymns. As everywhere, their favorites are "Good News" and "Knocking."

But our difficulties begin with the Thursday school. At first, a sewing-school for little girls, we have been obliged to include boys, who begged us to admit them, too. But I assure you it was not an easy thing for only two of us to keep in peace twenty boys, from four to fourteen years of age, and fifteen little girls of the same age, and above all, to watch the work of the girls. So this year, I decided to take them separately, the little girls from half-past one to three o'clock, and the boys from three to four. In this way we get on much better. But the difficulty is to find something for the boys to do. To find anything new and interesting for them is no slight matter. Paper roses occupied them two Thursdays, then they draw, and some look at pictures in a volume of "Sunbeams." But we need not one volume only; we need several. Last Thursday, the larger boys asked me to get something more for them. We have also had pictures for them to cut out and paste in a blank book. Now that cold weather has arrived, they always come very willingly to our good, warm hall.

Some of these poor children so bear upon them the imprint of vice and of poverty that we cannot help loving them and pitying these poor little ones, for the most part so ill-treated, and morally abandoned. They feel, besides that we love them, and, as far as we can judge, return our affection. It is these boys or girls who will embrace you the hardest—caresses with which one could well dispense, as cleanliness is not their strong point. The amusing moment in our school is the time for the toilet, for I do not admit them until they are well washed. So we furnish them with soap and a towel, and "to the

fountain!" In winter, on account of the cold, it is, perhaps, a little hard, but they are not, thus far, as delicate as that.

Notwithstanding my desire to do so, we have been able to make but few visits to the parents, but we seize every opportunity that is offered us. For example, recently, one of our little boys broke his leg. I went to see him, and, on entering the house, the first thing that struck me was the sight of one of our beautiful Bible prints (the prize given for ten good marks) pasted on the wall, right opposite the door. In another family, also, the walls of the room are almost entirely covered with Bible prints. There are in this family four children very regular in attendance. Who know if these simple prints, silent preachers, will not have a blessed influence on the whole family?

The little girls on Thursday sew aprons or chemises, as they choose, and the article, when finished, is taken away by them. They are encouraged to work, and come pretty regularly. While they are working, we have them sing, or we tell them a beautiful story, which always delights them. Their great happiness is to take away, when they leave, a tract or an illustrated leaflet, but we have very few to dispose of. It is this, indeed, that gave me the idea of writing to you, for I am sure you could help us in this.

At Christmas, we mean to have a tree. Last year, we had one that was much appreciated, and which did not cost us too dear (twelve francs). The money was collected here in the church. I think that we will get the same sum this year. But, and it is here that we would much need your help, I have great plans for our children. You can judge for yourself. Eight or ten of our pupils have not been absent at all. Is it just that those who have come three or four times should be rewarded as much as they? No; is it? I would like, then, to be able to give to them something more than to the others. What? I do not know at all; perhaps a little book, unless you have for us some collections of hymns. Two of our pupils, who have not been absent, are little girls, from two to three years old. To them I would like to give a little doll, which we would dress ourselves.

Pardon my audacity. My only excuse is my great attachment to these poor little ones, whose lives are so bare.

JULIA VASSEROT.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOLS OF CHANTILLY, DEPARTMENT OF THE OISE.

The Sunday-schools are supported by the Dayton Auxiliary, to whom the leader writes:—

"I am happy to know that the Dayton Auxiliary continues to support my Sunday-school work. When friends across the seas, whom we have not yet seen in the flesh, strengthen our hands by their prayers and practical help, it is a sure sign, among others, that the hand of the Lord is in our work. Since

I wrote last many changes have taken place in our schools, and we miss many of our older scholars, but I am glad to say that the good seed sown here is bearing good fruit in other places, and we receive most encouraging letters from distant parts telling of the spiritual good received here, some wishing they were back in the old school. In one case we found that the picture text-cards had been taken regularly by one of our old scholars to a Sunday-school in England, and used by the teachers in their exposition of God's Word.

Although we often lose scholars by removal and other causes, others take their places, and the register is about the same, and the average attendance good, as you will see by the reports. The picture cards you supply us with continue to be a good help, and, generally speaking, are taken care of. The large Bible pictures also do us good service. I question whether they are used so much anywhere else. I use the ones you kindly send me at four stations. May the blessing of God still rest upon your good help, as much upon the dear friends at Dayton in giving as upon us in receiving. W. HAWKINS.

THE ADULT BIBLE CLASSES.

One of the teachers writes: "The groupes, or Bible classes, held after the preaching of the Gospel, have their reason for being, as is clearly shown by the questions and remarks of those who attend them, proving that, after hearing Gospel addresses for months, they are frequently not clear as to fundamental truths. And if we remember that most of them have been taught erroneous doctrines when young, have been later in life exposed to the current infidel views, their condition is more easily understood. * * * It is, therefore, a great *privilege* to be able to be helpful to those who are thus groping after the truth, and sometimes there is the joy of seeing one who, after prayer, has been led into light—no more doubt as to being a poor, lost sinner, no more doubt as to Christ being mighty to save.

"Quite recently a middle-aged Frenchman of considerable worldly appearance, after attending the meetings for months, and finding there a consolation not hitherto known, succeeded in inducing a grown-up daughter to come and also stay to the Bible class, the evident deep pleasure this afforded him testifying to the good he expected she might derive, where he himself had found life and joy.

"Another case is a *Fort des Halles*, that means a *strong man*, a porter at the market. From 14 years of age to 27 he wasted his strength in riotous living. At 27 years of age he came to our meetings, and at once ceased to do evil gave up a wrong way of living. He is not content to come, but last Thursday he brought two other *Fortes* to our meeting. 'It is hard work,' he said to me. 'I don't have an easy life at the market, but I am doing my best to get them here.' "

S. R. B.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

[From *The Christian* of November 25, 1897.]

During his recent visit to Scotland, Pastor Theodore Monod addressed meetings in Glasgow and Edinburgh on the work of the McAll Mission in France. Incidentally, he referred to the present attitude shown by many Frenchmen towards any work of evangelization carried on in their country by British people. On this point he said:

Come over to France with me for a moment and look upon those teeming millions of people. They are having an influence for good or for evil; they must be led into the right way or into the wrong one; into the broad path or into the narrow path. They must exert upon their neighbors, upon French society, and, therefore, upon the world at large, an influence for or against righteousness and truth. Then ask yourselves, "How can we reach them?" You say the great bulk of them, almost all of them, belong to the Roman Catholic Church. Very well. Of 38,000,000 or so, we Protestants do not count 1,000,000; it seems very likely we are not 700,000, possibly between 650,000 and 700,000. Then, among those Protestants, how many there are who are Protestants only in name. I do not say that in the Roman Church there are not some true souls and pious souls, but I do say that Romanism as a system is the bane of the country, and it does not hold forth the Lord Jesus Christ as the one Saviour of sinners.

You say to yourself—

"HOW SHALL WE REACH THIS PEOPLE?"

We must begin with the towns, surely! The Apostles showed us how it was done in the beginning, and so it has been done since. Great centres of influence have to be reached as well as small ones, and perhaps we should begin with the great cities, as the Apostles began with Athens, Corinth, Antioch and Rome. Well, take Paris—how are you going to reach it? You say, "Have you not got your Protestant churches?" Yes, we have a few there doing their work, but what if the people will not step inside a church? What if they do not come in; and when they do come in, what if our forms of worship, perhaps even our forms of speech, hardly suit them? They find it, perhaps, rather stately, or rather cold, or stiff, or hard to understand, and what not.

You say, "Could not one reach those people in some other way?" Not by public meetings in the open air—that is not allowed. What then? When you find it out, it is simple enough. Just open shops on the wayside, on the street, and invite the people to come into those shops, large halls, large factories—if you can get them. Let there be some simple talk about the Gospel; let there be some lively singing; let the people feel that they are welcome;

that they are free to come in and free to go out ; that they may come in just as they are, in every-day clothes. "Ah, yes," you say, "that would be a very fine thing ; but who is going to do it ?" Mr. McAll has done that, and we go on doing it. That is

THE McALL MISSION.

Mr. McAll found a new mode of evangelizing, so much so, that I remember Mr. Moody using this very word—"We ought to have McAll Missions on the streets of New York." That mode of evangelizing is the most sensible that you can think of, and the most practical. We at first thought it a very strange thing. We wondered how it could succeed, but it has succeeded.

And now I must forbear, for I could take up all night in telling you of what has been done. I come to my point. We were encouraged for a long time. People had nothing to say against the origin of the Mission. When Mr. McAll began, the very first handbill he put into the hands of the people had this title: "English friends wish to speak to you about the love of Jesus Christ." That was simple enough, but I do not think we would dare to do that to-day. It would be very unwise. They would go no further than the first words—"English friends." Nothing to do with English friends, nor with the friends of the English ! What has come over the temper of the people ? Why, just this, that there has been for years a concerted movement entirely artificial, but strenuously kept up—there is no doubt about it—by the Jesuits at bottom, proving that we are having some hold at last on our people, that we are not a quantity that can be neglected, that the people are beginning to listen to us.

The Jesuit party do not care so much for the apparent triumph of atheism that for a few years has been blatant, one may say. They know well enough there must come a reaction, and the reaction is all for their benefit, and it is taking place now. But that there should be those who will say to the people, "You need not go back into the bosom of the Romish Church, you may just come to the Lord Jesus Christ, you may have Christ without the priest."

THAT IS WHAT THEY CANNOT STAND.

They were born, they were created, to withstand the Reformation ; we all know that, and we must give them credit for being faithful to their origin and to their purpose. And now they are fighting us everywhere. They have had one campaign in the papers against the Jews ; that is going on now. It is a great question. It seems to me that it is somewhat softening down,* but it is a most unjust and horrible thing that campaign against the Jews in France. But I should not very much wonder if, after all, it was not merely a preparation for the other campaign. They gently insinuate that we shall all be put into the

* This, of course, was said several months before the intensely bitter anti-Semitic excitement, which gathered around the Zola trial.—[EDITOR]

same bag and thrown into the same river—Jews, Protestants, all those people are the enemies of France! Those Protestants, they are English! Thus they go on. They say “English” or “German.” It was said in our Parliament, “A sword is this Protestantism, the point of which is on the heart of France, while the other end of the sword, the hilt, is in two places, in Berlin and in London.”

That is the kind of public opinion they have tried to create, and not without some success. What they have done in Madagascar, I will not even allude to. They pretend that they are waging war there against the English. There is no sense in that, if only for this reason, that the English have practically given up Madagascar altogether. But they call every Protestant there a friend of the English and an enemy of France, and I believe their main purpose is to create a similar state of opinion about the Protestants of France. A few days ago one of my daughters-in-law, who is in Algiers, was speaking with an Arab woman. She told her something about the Gospel, and went on to explain what Protestants were, and she said: “You know all Christians are not Roman Catholics—for instance, my husband, Mr. Monod, is a Protestant.” And the woman said, “Oh, indeed, is he a Protestant? I thought he was a Frenchman!” That is what they want to get into the minds of the people.

Let me give you

A FEW QUOTATIONS.

Here is a Paris paper with a large circulation. I read you a few lines:

“One knows with what ardour the Protestants of England work at their evangelistic propaganda. Nothing costs too much for that English Protestant propaganda. They operate as charlatans do. They are full of advertisements and announcements, and premiums given to proselytes, full of gifts, full of money. One may say that the Protestant propaganda of England works like a large factory business house. They have agents, they have commercial travellers and colporteurs, and everywhere through the world they place their merchandise. Protestantism is the great article of exportation of Old England, and this England carries on at the same time the interests of its invading and perfidious policy and the hatred it bears to Roman Catholicism. English Protestant propaganda always covers a conspiracy. Thus the Anglican pastors have given France so much trouble at Madagascar. Thus we find all those madmen armed with Bibles in our colonies, and wherever they go fight against French influence.”

It goes on to speak about the McAll Mission, about the Mission Boat, *Le Bon Messager*. Here is another Parisian paper, which is very well known, and is perhaps the most widely-circulated; it is called *La Libre Parole*, the great anti-Jewish paper. It speaks about the “Good Messenger,” and says:

“On that boat they give conferences that last an hour and a half. They sing hymns and distribute hymn-books printed at Paisley, in Scotland. They make great efforts to organize meetings for children, but our *gamins*, who are more patriotic than our Prime Minister, refuse to go. The question is, ‘Where does the money come from?’ To that question the preachers first replied evasively, but finally they declared that they work for an English society called ‘McAll,’ and at the head of the English McAll Mission is, they say, Miss Scott [I wish you would give me her address!], who disposes of immense sums of money. * * * Imagine French Roman Catholic missionaries going to England and trying to convert little Englishmen to Popery! [Well, imagine! it is not difficult to imagine!] The least that could happen would be that they would be immediately arrested and perhaps thrown into the river. Not a doubt about that! Our Roman priests may found colleges in England, but on the formal condition, which is signified to them when they land, that they will never receive an English pupil.”

How well informed that gentleman appears to be! Well, there it is, and that kind of stuff goes down with the people and creates a very dangerous state of things for us. Here is another quotation from a local paper—a very interesting paper—which is called

“LA CROIX.”

They publish it in Paris, but they have a special edition for almost every department of France with some local news, and it has a very large circulation. It costs only a half-penny. From the place where the McAll boat was lately, a man writes that he has gone to see the boat, and has seen a good many things. He saw this text on the wall, “We preach Christ crucified.” He saw a sort of little pulpit, he saw a harmonium, he saw a box of books, and he saw photographic apparatus—a kodak, or something a little larger perhaps. He can’t get over that. He says:

“What was that photographic apparatus for? That is what I want to know. Do they want to take a likeness of the Most High? What do they want that for? Shall we let those strangers go up and down our rivers and visit our valleys? If we went into the hold of the boat, perhaps we might find some things that would be very dangerous to us in case France was invaded by strange soldiers.”

Then here is a nice little sentence for you. One man was arrested under suspicion of being a German spy. This is the last sentence of the article:

“A spy will put on every kind of skin and take every kind of shape. One of them pretends that he is studying the architecture at one of our cathedrals, while another says he is preaching Protestantism. The one is just as bad as the other, and they work hand in hand.”

Let me give you one quotation on the other side. Perhaps the best known of our French journalists is M. Sarcey, who has been writing *chroniques* in a number of papers for the last forty years. He happened to be near the boat, and a friend who had been rather interested in it told him he should go and see it. He went—it was rather a misty Scotch-like Sunday, and he could not go anywhere else—and was rather pleased with what he saw. The pastor, he says, “came to us with open hand. He has not that grave and stiff air that one often remarks among pastors; he is smiling and affable; and he told me that the work was called ‘the popular evangel.’” He adds that the pastor put the Gospel before him very plainly. Well, that man who makes no confession of religion, but rather a confession of having none, was very much interested, and went the length of saying, “You may inscribe me as one of your subscribers;

YOU ARE DOING A GOOD WORK.”

Now, this is encouraging, and, after all, the state of opinion they are trying to create is not so bad as it seems, because the people have common sense. They will finally see where the opposition came from and what its manifest object is, and there may be—perhaps there is beginning to be—some little reaction in our favor. So that I would say to you, friends of the McAll Mission, if you have helped us so far, now is the time to help more.

It is the McAll Mission. We have not started it. We have not said we were strong enough to do that. But God has put it into your hearts to do it. You have begun it and now carry it on. We are willing to give ourselves, we are willing to work, but we ask you most earnestly to look upon the importance of the work at the present time, and if you have helped somewhat hitherto, help us henceforth yet much more.

THE DISPENSARY WORK.

The cut on the cover gives a view of one of the dispensaries connected with the Mission, with Dr. Estrabaud treating a patient. In this connection it will be interesting to read the description of a visit paid to this dispensary by a member of the Indiana Auxiliary in 1891. The surroundings of the hall and the character of the attendants have greatly improved since that day, but it is quite worth while to recall the beginnings of this important work.

Under the guidance of Monsieur Sautter, we took the train for “Gare D’Ivry.” We went in a semi-circle around the city, high above it, looking down on the many bridges, with their arches of colored lights reflected in the dark waters of the Seine, and upon the tall, narrow houses, crowded together in narrower streets, overshadowed by the dark, square tower of “Notre Dame.” Looming over all, stands the Eiffel Tower, its mighty revolving search-light

plunging the city into alternate shadow and light of all the colors of the rainbow.

Reaching our station, we stepped out into the darkness, which was so dense that, though familiar with the place, Monsieur Sautter had to light a match to read the name of the street. He told us that we were in a quarter of Paris where no one from other than the most wretched class ever penetrates unless on such errands as ours. The city authorities who keep the fashionable boulevards a blaze of dazzling light have not given to this neighborhood a single lamp. Afterwards I spoke of this darkness to a fashionable Parisienne, saying that I had always heard of Paris as the best lighted city in the world. "Ah," was her reply, accompanied by a shrug, "but that is not Paris; that is a hole!"

We could but dimly see the tops of the high houses through whose courts we were passing. Our only light came struggling through hopelessly dirty windows or broken ones, half mended with straw and paper. We walked past dozens of houses equally squalid. M. Sautter suddenly said: "Somewhere here is the place which Victor Hugo made '*Jean Valjean's*' hiding place." With an additionally eerie feeling, we kept on in silence. At length our guide turned down a narrow lane, and we reached the door of the Mission. This, he told us, was of all the most difficult to establish. They have been laboring to establish it since 1878, but only within the last three years have they been able to have a meeting without the presence of the police. The building is a frame structure of three rooms, which was used as a coffee house in the exhibition of 1878. It was taken down from its original location and put up in the square court, around which the typical Parisian house is built.

It was early when we arrived, but the main room, accommodating about one hundred and fifty, was already crowded. We passed through the midst of the audience on our way to the small room at the right of the rude pulpit. As we hurried through we had glimpses of the strange people. Great heavy-necked men, with blue blouses, bright kerchiefs knotted about their throats, and long matted hair; women bareheaded, with soiled aprons and torn dresses, their faces so furrowed by care and want that at first we thought them scarred. Some looked fierce and defiant, while the faces of others were blank, as if the brain, long taxed with weight of woe, had at length given way, and at last even that keenest sense of all, the sense of misery, was dead, utterly dead.

The two small rooms at the right and left of the pulpit, or platform, are used as a laboratory and dispensary. Against the wall is a wooden bench for the patient. The doctor's chair, table and lamp complete the furnishings of the bare, little room. Here a young French physician of fine education gives his time and services to any of the poor who come to him. He expects to devote his whole life to relieving their needs, with no possibility of any remuneration.

neration. In the laboratory adjoining, rough shelves are supplied with a few cases of instruments and those medicines which are most often needed. Our attention was called, with evident affection, to a sunflower which, when the lamp was held close to the window, we could see was growing outside. We were told that nobody knew how it came there, but like "Picciola," it had sprung from between the stones of the court, and had grown tall enough for its sunny face to peep in at the window. As yet, this course flower is the only bit of brightness which gladdens the cheerless court, but when long years hence its petals have fallen, and its leaves have withered, in its stead the matchless beauty of the "Rose of Sharon" shall make glad the hearts of the people.

Monsieur Sautter preached a beautiful sermon from John vi., 68: "Lord, to whom shall we go. Thou hast the words of eternal life!" "To whom shall we go!" "*A qui irions nous!*" he repeated again and again, knowing well that the thought of refuge is a blessed one to the poor hunted souls in his audience. His great desire to bring them to the true way, and his deep sympathy for them, gave his face an eagerness and his voice a tenderness which appealed strongly to their hearts. Their interest became more and more intense, till at length our attention was called from speaker to listeners. Each one in the audience seemed to feel that Monsieur Sautter was speaking directly to him. Those whom we had noticed on entering as wearing sullen looks, were not utterly absorbed in the sermon. Leaning forward, they sat with eager, anxious eyes and parted lips, striving to grasp the full import of the speaker's words. So intense was their earnestness that it was almost appalling, and we could easily fancy ourselves in the midst of a starving garrison, listening to a discussion of plans for obtaining food.

Having spoken of their need, and the hopelessness of obtaining any but temporary help from this world, which their bitter past had taught them was too true, he finished with the words: "*Mais Vous, Vous avez les mots de la vie eternelle!*" "But Thou, Thou hast the words of eternal life!" All were evidently deeply impressed, while on some few faces trembled the dawning of hope. Then with voices made soulful by their old struggles and new hopes, they sang in their musical French that hymn we had known and loved in our own happier country.

In thy cleft, O, Rock of Ages, hide Thou me!
 When the fitful tempest rages, hide Thou me!
 In the lonely night of sorrow,
 Till in glory dawns the morrow,
 Hide me, Oh, thou Rock of Ages,
 Safe in Thee.

MISS BEACH'S LETTERS FROM PARIS.

No. 6.

Having received from an English friend of Professor C., a letter of introduction to Pastor Bersier, and learning that every Thursday afternoon he received at the church any member of his congregation who wished to see him, Miss Beach enjoyed a long desired interview. She says: "Quite a large number were waiting in the ante-room, and went into the little reception room one by one. One gentleman very politely offered to give me his turn, as he was not in a hurry. Pastor Bersier speaks English very well. He spent some months in our country twenty years ago, most of the time at New Rochelle, N. Y.

"October 28. In my lessons I tell in my own words the substance of something I have read the day before. To-morrow I am to give the outline of Gambetta's speech. I am preparing with my teacher a new edition of his book, 'The True Pronunciation,' which he will give me to take home to use in my teaching. Very soon I shall begin the study of French history and literature."

In one of her daily walks, as she was returning from the *Jardin des Plantes*, she saw just behind Notre Dame, at the very extremity of the island, a small low building where many people were going in and coming out. "I thought," she says, "I would see what was going on; and crossing the river, went in." To her consternation she found herself in the *morgue*, the last place she would have cared to visit.

"October 29. There is still some anxiety about the state of the country. On the 4th of November occur the elections which will determine the character of the Senate for another year. * * * Some journals still talk of a *coup-d'état*, but I cannot believe that MacMahon is such a complete idiot that he will try that experiment.

"A journalist was sentenced last week to a fine and imprisonment for writing that MacMahon's horse had 'an intelligent eye.'

"As you may be puzzled to discover the crime, I will explain. The judge reasoned thus: 'The writer says that the Marshal's horse has an intelligent eye, consequently he means to imply that the *Marshal* has *not* an intelligent eye; this is an insult to the chief magistrate which must be punished.' There is logic for you!

"The Americans are making a great fuss over General Grant's arrival. The papers are making themselves quite merry over Grant's visit to MacMahon. The one does not speak a word of English, the other does not speak French. They bowed politely, and then regarded one another in silence for

a short time. Our ex-president's wonderful ability to hold his tongue is useful just now. He won't get into trouble. One of the journalist's gives an amusing account of his attempt to draw out General Grant on the present crisis in France. His success was not brilliant.

“November 7. Last week on All Saint's Day, the Fête of the Reformation was celebrated in all the Protestant churches. It is a day when crowds visit the cemeteries to carry wreaths and crowns to the graves of friends and public benefactors. I went to the Cemetery of the North and walked from there to church. This is a much smaller cemetery than Père la Chaise, but well cared for. Most of the larger monuments are little chapels of stone, some having beautiful painted windows. They are adorned with wreaths and crowns, some made of black and white beads, others of yellow immortelles, and mingled with these were a few wreaths of fresh flowers. Over some of the smaller monuments, simple flat slabs of marble, are little boxes of earth in which flowers are growing; also little roofs of glass to protect the wreaths and crowns. I noticed many bearing the inscription ‘*A sa fête*,’ these had been carried to the tomb on the ‘name day,’ which is celebrated here instead of the birthday. Upon the monument of Cavaignac is a life-size reclining figure in bronze. While there are many beautiful monuments, there is not the variety which we see in Greenwood.

“M. Bersier, at church, spoke earnestly and eloquently on the blessing of religious liberty and the price at which it was obtained.

“The next day still greater crowds visited all the cemeteries. I had promised B. to go with her to Père la Chaise. Of course the omnibuses were all full. After waiting a long time for seats, we accepted the proposal of a French lady to walk with her. She proved a very pleasant companion, had taught in America eighteen years, and was homesick to return. After leaving the Place de la Bastille we followed a long narrow street leading through a poor quarter of the city. Just before reaching the cemetery we passed between two prisons, one for those sentenced to the galleys or to death, the other for ordinary offenders; between the two is the place of public execution where the guillotine is erected. It is not a cheerful spot.

“We did not attempt to see everything of interest the cemetery, we shall go again when there are fewer visitors. The crowd guided us to the tomb of Thiers, a line was formed and thus perfect order was preserved. The tomb is very plain, one of the little chapels so common here. The door was open, and we could see that it was almost full of tributes of love and gratitude. The banner carried by the Bellefort delegation is suspended over the wreaths. Some zealous relic-hunters had robbed two large wreaths of almost all their immortelles. General Grant had sent a large crown to be placed upon the tomb.

“Sunday I went to church in the morning for the communion service. I cannot tell you how much I enjoy this service. Jesus seems so near when one is thus surrounded with strangers, and the heavenly home a reality. Before going to the table a few moments are given for silent prayer. I love to remember then the dear friends far away. I trust you all ask for me the grace I need, to live a consistent Christian life.

“November 11. Last Thursday, by way of variety, we had (as Mrs. Partington would say,) a Jesuit for breakfast. He is one of the laymen of the order. For nine years he was a classmate of Professor C., and has always retained his interest in him, calling upon him whenever he comes to Paris. Professor C. says this gentleman is the only Jesuit he ever saw whom he considered a sincere believer in the doctrines of the order, and he respects this sincerity though pitying the delusion. They never talk about politics or religion.

“After breakfast, as both Professor C. and Madame were called away, I was left alone with M.— We talked about America and then about the study of French. He asked me if I was a Catholic. I told him I went every Sunday to a Protestant church. He thought I ought to go to Roman Catholic churches also, and particularly recommended Notre Dâme, where one can hear remarkable preachers every Sunday. He advised me to buy and read a book entitled *Notre Dâme de Lourdes*, describing the wonderful miracles witnessed there. I think if I have no better use for money I will throw it in the Seine. I told him I read aloud every day a newspaper. With a very solemn countenance he informed me that newspapers were very bad, we could not trust them at all. I suppose he would make an exception of *L'Univers*, the Jesuit journal.

“Saturday afternoon I walked to the Pantheon. * * * Near the Pantheon is the church of St. Etienne, a curious building. The painted windows are very beautiful, and if you are a devout believer in all the old legends you can worship before the tomb of St. Geneviève who, by her simple request turned back the fierce invader. Almost all the streets in the vicinity of these churches bear the name of some saint, but this does not alter the fact that they are narrow and dirty.

“Hereafter I hope to visit the Louvre regularly twice a week, spending not more than an hour there each time. I cannot take more time, and I think I shall enjoy and remember more if I do not look till I am tired.

“These are days of anxiety for poor France. The ministers refuse to resign, and have the audacity to present themselves before the representatives of the country (who in the elections have twice condemned them). * * * Violent speeches have been made by the so-called *conservateurs*, but they have

been received with the silent contempt which they merit. Grévy has spoken nobly. Gambetta will probably speak to-day. We fear a *coup-d'état*. It is the first thought in waking every morning and the last thought at night. * * * It is the old story of the last empire repeated. MacMahon is led by his wife, and she is the slave of the priests. They are desperate, for they know that the Republic once firmly established, their power is weakened.

“You must not feel anxious about me. Professor C. will be in danger, but he speaks English well; we can all leave the city on the strength of my passport.”

THE MOVEMENT AMONG THE PRIESTS IN FRANCE.

[From the Paris *Quarterly*.]

We do not, as a rule, give details in our little paper of work that is not directly connected with our Mission, but we have been asked by several to insert a short article this quarter, concerning the remarkable movement that is being manifested among the priests of the Roman Catholic Church in France. Many have of late years left the ranks of the priesthood for conscience sake; several have become pastors or evangelists, and are working for the Lord among their fellow-countrymen, while others have sought occupation in business or in tuition. Not long ago M. Meillon, formerly chaplain of the Marseilles University, was ordained pastor in that city. A few weeks since, M. Bourrier, abbé of the parish of St. Martin, in the same city, was ordained in Paris, and is now pastor at Sèvres. Five ex-priests are now studying at the Paris Faculty of Theology, and one of the most interesting cases is that of the ex-abbé Philippot.

M. Philippot is about forty years of age, and was brought up in the Ecole des Carmes. He was set apart as a teacher, and was for a time at the college of St. Quentin. He was offered the professorship of philosophy, but declined it, not being able to teach a system which he did not fully believe in. He asked for a place in the country, and was given a parish at Jeantes, being shortly offered a chair of theology, which he refused, saying, “At the end of six months you will send me away as a heretic, although I am not one in reality.”

Later on he was appointed curé of Plomion, and here he speedily got into disgrace. A lecture that he gave on the principles of Protestantism made a great sensation. After demonstrating that the Catholic Church is unable to prove to Protestants the necessity that there is for them to become Catholics, the lecturer continued: “Instead of anthamatising the Protestants, why not consider them as brethren in Christ? Why not join hands with them in the work which we have in common, the extension of the Kingdom of Christ upon earth?”

The Bishop of Soissons was greatly alarmed, and ordered an inquiry to be made into M. Philippot's doctrinal position. After various conversations and an exchange of letters, he was told to keep silence and to submit himself to his superiors. But they did not know with whom they were dealing; the light had entered into his soul, and he could not go back. Accordingly he made a clear confession of his faith before his parishioners, sending a copy to his bishop. The answer was the receipt of a registered letter containing sentence of excommunication against him.

The following is a translation of the letter :—

“SOISSONS, 18th June, 1897.

“MONSIEUR PHILIPPOT:—Your profession of faith, thoroughly heretical and publicly printed, which I have received this morning, causes you to fall under the sentence of the greater excommunication, *late sententiæ*, specially reserved for the Sovereign Pontiff.

“I hereby declare that, in consequence, you cannot any longer use any of the power conferred on you.

“I also take from you all jurisdiction in your parishes and in the diocese of Soissons.

“From the reception of this letter you will cease to be curé of Plomion and of Bancigny. I shall send a priest to undertake the public services, Sunday next, the 20th of June.

“It is a great sorrow to my soul as bishop to be obliged to write thus to one of my priests, but it is the accomplishment of one of the duties of my office.

“I pray God to open your eyes and to cause you to return to the humble and complete following of the truth.

“(Signed) J. B., *Bishop of Soissons.*”

This sentence of excommunication excited a great deal of interest in the parish. The best of the people, the most pious Catholics, with the exception of four families, had been greatly impressed by the teachings of M. Philippot, and the same day several came to him saying, “Stay with us, we will support you.” Greatly touched by this, the ex-priest said to his parishioners, “Leave the church and presbytery to the priest sent by the bishop. Let us take a modest hall where we can hold meetings, speak and sing and read the Bible together. Let us give up all the parade and expense of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and collect only for the poor.”

The following are some short extracts from the famous confession of faith, which, by the way, was printed in one of the daily papers of Paris, *L'Eclair*:

“I am a Christian, because I am united to Jesus Christ by faith, and because in Him and by Him I have the forgiveness of sins and direct commu-

nion with my Heavenly Father. I am a Christian, because the teaching of Jesus Christ is the law of my intelligence, because the morality of Jesus Christ is the ideal of my life, because I can imagine no religion more perfect than that of Jesus Christ. I place the Gospel of Jesus Christ above all human teaching, and I judge all by that Gospel. In religious matters, doctrines and human institutions are good if they are inspired by the spirit of the Gospel; they are evil if they go against that Gospel; they are of little value if they are are simply side by side with the Gospel.

“I believe in the Divine revelation, which I state thus: Jesus Christ prepared and announced in the Old Testament; Jesus Christ, in His earthly life, bringing to men the good news of salvation; Jesus Christ, in His risen life, giving His Spirit to men of good-will.

“I believe in the eternal salvation of the soul, the conditions of which are fixed irrevocably by the Gospel, so that no human authority can add thereto nor take therefrom. The conditions of salvation all converge in one point—faith in Jesus Christ. But this faith is not a mere belief of the intellect; it is a faith without restrictions, an entire abandoning of the soul to the guidance of Jesus Christ. We realize this faith and this abandonment when the revelation of Christ is made within us; when we realize that, notwithstanding our sins, which are all cleansed by the blood of Jesus, God is our Father, that we are His children, that we are brethren and heirs together with Jesus Christ, heirs of the life eternal. This realization of our sonship with God by Jesus is the very essence of Christianity.

“And while I believe in the Father and in the Son, I believe also in the Holy Spirit, sent from the Father and the Son. It is the Holy Spirit who is, as Tertullian beautifully says, and according to the very promise of Christ Himself, the Vicar of Christ upon earth. It is by the Spirit that God reveals Himself to us; it is in the Spirit that the words of Christ make our hearts to rejoice; it is the Spirit that causes our hearts to cry to God, ‘My Father,’ and who beareth witness that we are the children of God. This inward testimony of the Holy Spirit is the unshakable foundation of my faith in Christ, and of my call to be a priest and a messenger of God.”

These extracts will show with what clear insight into the truths of the Gospel this interesting man has been blessed. He has, of course, much yet to learn, but we are sure that He who has begun the good work in his heart will perfect it, and that he will be a faithful witness for the Lord in this land.

In October the Abbé Charbonnel, well known as a priest of liberal views, and whose articles in the press have attracted considerable attention, gave in his resignation to his bishop. He will, we trust, also be brought into the light; at present his motives are rather political and intellectual than directly spiritual.

On the 25th of October, M. A. Vidalot, curé of Arabaux, wrote to the bishop of his diocese, declaring that he could no longer remain within the pale of the Catholic Church. In his letter he says :

“In the Church, worldly pretensions have come before its Divine mission ; dogmas have driven out thought ; external observances have stifled the spirit of adoration and of heart-worship.

“I cannot breathe in this Church, which is nothing but a series of rules and forms. I need the air and freedom. I leave it, but taking with me my faith, for I am persuaded that it can be reconciled with the requirements of my reason and of my conscience ; but only outside the Church. I ask God to enlighten me in this new way which I now take ; it is in Him that I place my strength and my help.”

We cannot now give more details of this movement, but commend to our readers these sufferers for conscience sake, and would ask that much prayer be made for all those who are now being exercised in their minds, that grace be given them to come out boldly and take their place with the Word of God as their guide, that through them many may be led to seek after the truth of the Gospel.

We have taken the above account from a little paper published monthly, entitled *Le Chrétien Français*. It is edited by M. Bourrier, and is the organ of these ex-priests.

A FEW FIGURES.

The average cost of one sitting in a mission hall of the McAll Mission is five dollars for *one year*.

A meeting can be held in a public hall in a town or village in which no mission work of any kind is carried on for \$12.50 or \$15. In places outside Paris the expense would be from \$7.50 to \$10. A “mission” can be held in a temporary hall in or around Paris for *four weeks for one hundred dollars*.

Twenty-five dollars will pay the expenses of such a “mission” for *one week*.

A *month's working* of the Mission Boat costs \$150.

For \$37.50 a *week's expenses* can be provided. In one week from 700 to 1000 people hear the Gospel on board the Boat.

For \$25.00 the Boat can be kept at work for *five days*.

Five dollars will cover its expenses for *one day*.

We are making use of the magic-lantern for lectures on Gospel temperance, and on Bible subjects, and find these meetings most useful. Any friend who would like to furnish us with a set of new views can do so by sending us the sum of *twelve dollars and a half*.

A DAY AT RIVOLI.

Arriving in good time, a sick man going to the hospital came for a recommendation. As he was still talking a respectable woman, a wholesale oyster merchant, who spends six months in Paris a year, came in. "I am returning home this week," she said. "I want to say *au revoir*, and beg you to accept a basket of oysters from me" (I don't like oysters, but did not say so), adding "I am so much your debtor, for the meetings have done me so much good." "Well, that is pay enough. Never mind the oysters; come on Thursday to our last meeting, before we both go away."

Going into the large hall where our young women were practicing singing for Easter Sunday, Durand, an infirm man, who has the privilege to sell sweets at the gate of a square, stopped me. "What does a Bible cost?" he asked. "for a Sister of Mercy saw me reading my pocket Testament at my stall, and asked: 'What are you reading, merchant?' 'The Evangel, my Sister.' 'Let me see it. Why have you marked it?' 'They are texts that impressed me, so I underline them.' 'Will you lend it to me?' 'Certainly, my sister.' So she took it away, returned to ask, 'Can you buy me one in secret, and bring it here? I don't know why our curé forbids us to read the Evangel.'" So Durand, seller of sweets, has sold a Bible to a Sister of Mercy.

Our two meetings are over. At the public meeting we had only one hundred, a drop from one hundred and thirty last Sunday for its holy day. Sixty persons at our Bible classes. The meetings occupied two hours, from 4 to 6.

When M. Jourdan said, "I have a situation; I am going away this week. Oh, what shall I do without the meetings? I have attended them here every night for a year. Where I am going there is nothing," I gave him a Bible, cost 1f. (50c.,) and wrote in it, "*Souvenir des réunions de la Salle Rivoli*," April 11, 1897. When he said, "I owe you very much. I am a great debtor to the meetings. I should like to give you something as a thank-offering." "My dear friend, no other gift is necessary. 'Tis enough you have given yourself to God." I gave him my address, that he might write.

The Bible woman wanted to see me, so she accompanied me to my meeting. She told me of Charlotte and Frida, who had given themselves to God. That reads cold. You should have seen her eyes and face, its radiancy, as she told me. Perhaps the flowers she rejoiced over will be nipped by an untimely frost; perhaps the fruit will ripen. How she was full of joy at the good news.

Thursday next is my last meeting for the present. It is the Passion, with songs from our young women and views, and no doubt we shall have three hundred present.

So I close, with Mr. Lesser's words; "It is a great privilege to be helpful to the people," and sometimes there is the joy of seeing one or another one by one led into light.

S. R. BROWN.

THE WORK IN LIMOGES.

[Last October Miss Lowe, who has done such remarkable work in this peculiarly difficult district, was called away by family affliction. Her place was temporarily taken by the writer of the following article.—EDITOR.]

There are so many things that interest me here that it is hard to make a selection. You have heard of the tiny room we had at the Clos St. Marie; Mr. Boyer was able to find a larger one in the same street, and we moved there on the 21st of October. It is a long, low hall; would hold about two hundred persons, I think; it has been freshly plastered, and is very damp. The first meeting we held there was the Thursday school. You should have seen the children crowding in; we had ninety that day; on Sunday last we had about one hundred and thirty, and more than fifty of them recited the lesson verse. Some of the young women of the Tuesday *Réunion de Jeunes filles* asked to be allowed to come and help keep order. I confess, some of them need to be kept in order themselves, but half a dozen of them really act splendidly. I noticed one on Sunday who had taught her row of children the lesson verse. I was very pleased on Tuesday at the meeting of these young girls, with the following incident: I was going over a set of rules which Miss Lowe had drawn up, and I came to one which spoke of giving one or two sous a week. I asked what the sous would be used for. "To make a *fête*." I asked if anyone thought we might do better than collect or contribute sous to *fêter* ourselves; thus speaking, more for the sake of asking them a question than hoping for a sensible answer. Two of the girls immediately said it would be very nice if we could do something for some poor person with our sous. We talked it over, and the majority agreed to call our weekly contributions, which will be very small, a "charity box." It was more than I could have hoped for.

There is a very interesting family lately come to the Cours Bugeaud Hall. I called on them the other day with Mr. Boyer, and think they would interest you. They went to the hall for the first time on the 14th of July, the *fête Nationale*. They were going home in the evening, where they met a neighbor hurrying in the opposite direction, who told them she was going to a conference. Rather glad of anything to do on a holiday, the man and two elder children turned back with the neighbor. When they got home again the man said: "Wife, I have found the real religion; we must go again." And they went again, and now the man comes to the Sunday afternoon meeting, and to the Wednesday evening one, which necessitates his going without his dinner till 10 o'clock at night. He has also found the Temperance Society. The boy, a lad of fourteen or fifteen, comes with his father; the mother puts the little one to sleep during the day, that she may come to the evening meeting; she comes also to the mothers' meeting. The girl comes to Sunday-school and

to the religious instruction class which Mr. Boyer holds on Sunday morning; and mother, son and daughter are associate members of the Christian Endeavor Society, which has just been started. They are evidently much interested, and were quite ready for the Gospel. I believe we shall have them all on the Lord's side. The woman told us they had long left the Roman Catholic Church, and were looking for some religion that would satisfy them. "We have always believed in God," she said, "and that He took notice of us."

We have so many children now, it will be quite a business getting all the Christmas arrangements in order, and supplying all the children on the registers with a present, however trifling. Two more women have appeared at the mother's meeting since I came, brought by the old members. I think they have come to stay. I hope to be able to start another mother's meeting after Christmas in the "Clos" hall. The few women to whom I have spoken about it seemed very willing to have such a meeting for themselves. I had seen some of their names on the other register, but they had not come. It is certainly rather far, and I think there is material for a good meeting in the "Clos" quarter, which is very thickly populated.

Just at present the "Clos" schools and the *Réunion de Jeunes filles* seem to me to be the meetings one should be the most thankful for, and pray the most earnestly for, as these young people are coming so regularly, and some of them listen so attentively.

In conclusion, I must tell you of one of the little girls, who, by the way, has just been caught by the curé for his catechism class. She asked me the other day if I could give her some of the old picture text-cards, "Because," she said, "in recreation hour I have a class of little ones in the playground for fun, and I reward them with my old pictures, and I have no more." I thought she was a little missionary without knowing it.

ELSIE DE GARIS.

In a private letter M. Boyer writes: Last evening going to St. Leonard I traveled with a workingman from Lyons. We were talking of all sorts of questions, and of syndicates in particular. I drew the contrast between false and true friends, saying that false friends flattered the workingmen and true friends showed them that they were their own worst enemies so long as they kept and cherished their pernicious and costly passions. "That is very true," said he, "I have heard talk like that before—at the popular reunions at Lyons where I attended regularly, at Vaise and at la Guillotière." He was much pleased when I told him who I was.

THE HIGHER LIFE OF PARIS.

From a recent article in *The Outlook*, by Charles Wagner, a writer as celebrated in France as Ian Maclaren in England and America we take the following extract :

Every one can say, with St. Paul, There are two men in me ; and with greater reason can every city say, There are two cities in me. It is vexing not to be known save by one's unpleasant aspects. Unhappily, they are often the most apparent. As there are those who do wrong in judging men only by their noisy and turbulent exhibitions—where only a secondary side of human nature appears—so also is it with certain cities. The world knows them rather by the accidents and excrescences of their surface than by their inner fibres. It is thus that the great cities make upon the imagination the impression of monsters, in that evil has re clothed itself in superhuman proportions. Many such cities have a detestable reputation ; Paris perhaps more than others. Many naturally compare it to that Babylon which steeped all nations with the wine of its impurity. To many strangers "Paris" is a soiled name, and recalls only an unclean literature, a licentious theatre, financial scandals, and all sorts of waywardness.

Such a reputation, which our compatriots as well as our enemies contribute to keep up, is as unmerited as it regrettable. I will not deny the evil that is with us, nor essay the criticism that the worst things in Paris—such as literature and customs—are articles of export, which strangers encourage by buying. To throw the evil on others has always been a poor proceeding, and I confess, unhesitatingly, Yes, alas ! all the evil which is alleged of us has foundation in fact. But the evil is not all of our life. Alongside luxurious, gaming, bantering, *décadent* Paris, there is another Paris which one forgets ; not the scientific, artistic, industrial Paris, lawgiving throughout the world, but the Paris of great sympathies, of sublime compassion, of works of mercy, and of many virtues hidden in the shade.

It is of this unknown Paris that I will speak. I do not say that I will exhibit it all. God alone could do that. He alone knows the obscure good which the noise of this immense city covers. I will simply tell of the little which I have been able to discover, and this little I will lay as a pious homage before a city which I love, and before Truth, which is to me still dearer.

After describing a number of beneficent institutions for the child sufferers of this great city, the author continues : "Nor have the needs of older youth been forgotten in these enterprises of good and fecund solidarity. Every evening in every quarter of Paris courses of study and lectures take place in lyceums, primary schools, private institutions, and even private houses. There, who-

ever will, may learn history, design, singing. The churches have created endowments and offer in certain well-arranged clubs, like the Catholic clubs, healthy instruction and a degree of intellectual and moral culture to young people waylaid by the temptations of the street and the grog shop. In such work the Comte de Mun and the Abbé Naudet have accomplished most meritorious results, and it would be a grave wrong to them to suppose that concealed thoughts or ecclesiastical policy had exclusively inspired them. The Protestant Church has its institutions, its House of Apprentices in the Rue Titon, founded by Pastor Dumas, its Christian Unions (Y. M. C. A.) spread throughout the whole city. The centre of the latter is in the magnificent structure built some years since by French subscriptions encouraged by the splendid gift of an American, Mr. Stokes. At about the same time that clubs for young men were instituted, restaurants for young women workers were established, where may be found not only healthy nourishment at low prices, but also a reading room and society which presents no peril.

In the large cities there is a particularly interesting class of young men, the soldiers. Deprived for a certain time of family life, huddled in immense barracks, they are often at a loss to know how properly to spend their hours of leisure. Therefore, in the vicinity of the barracks, rendezvous for soldiers have been established. There, between six and ten in the evening, they are sure to find fire, light, games, meetings, paper for writing home, good reading, and almost a sort of family nest.

Then follows a description of the various works for the protection and reformation of women, the hospital work of the Sisters of Charity and Protestant Deaconesses. The article continues: The common man who would cultivate his mind finds many means in Paris. He has the popular libraries with their reading-rooms, and loans of books to be taken home. He has all the museums and all the public collections. The admirable Louvre and Luxembourg galleries, the vast scientific and industrial Museum of Arts and Trades, the historical Cluny and Carnavalet collections, the wonderful collections of the Museum of Natural History, the greenhouses and parterres of the Jardin des Plantes, are accessible to all classes of society. A man with worn-out shoes and no cap can view the Louvre masterpieces just as well as can a Marchioness, and it is very rare that our public galleries are the scenes of any degradation or impropriety.

In several quarters of Paris public religious conferences are nightly held. Most of the lecture-rooms were founded by the McAll Mission, established by a friend of France after the war of 1870. This mission has brought very many persons into contact with the Gospel. One of the most appreciated

speakers at these meetings was the lamented Eugène Bersier. Never did this eloquent preacher use warmer, more incisive, or more charming accents than when he was in the habit of speaking to the audiences in the Salle Ornano.

One of the best and least-known sides of Paris is that of family life, whose intimate, self-respecting relations are in contrast with the torrent of dissipation which tumbles its wave in plainer sight. It seems that, at the heart of agitations and tumult, man has felt with greater force the necessity of taking refuge in the inviolable silence of home. Paris counts a great multitude of families, belonging to all social classes, for whom worldly life does not exist. These families, far from feverish domains of pleasure, of speculation, of gaming, lead an unimagined existence of work and family peace.

One of the manifestations of family life is the Sunday walk in the woods. To see it, go not only to the Bois de Boulogne, where there is a concourse of luxurious equipages and beautiful toilettes, but as well to the Bois de Vincennes, that immense garden of the Faubourg St. Antoine. On Sunday thousands and tens of thousands of little children go thither in troops. The nurslings who cannot walk yet are carried, and in a net are the provisions for the repast on the grass. When the favorite bit of turf has been found, or the accustomed grove, there is a settling down for the whole day. Then follows the sound of almost endless laughter, sport and song.

These luminous days have their completement in the sadder days of pilgrimage to the cemeteries. There, too, the family is complete. They go also in fancy towards the dear dead lying far away beyond the boundaries of Germany or Italy, to bring them a bouquet, to give them a tear. I am continually more and more struck with the devotion of our masses in regard to the dead. In the street the most vulgar carter stops his horse and raises his cap when a coffin passes by. On All Saints' Day one sees a vast throng spread itself through the cemetery avenues without the least disorder. Every one speaks in low tones. One united sentiment of respect dominates them, and the profaner and the cynical jeerer are greeted with general reprobation.

I will finish this too rapid view of the sources of a higher life hidden in the heart of this great city, by saying a few words about its idealist reawakening of the last few years.

One of those who go most resolutely forward along these new avenues of thought is M. Paul Desjardins, the founder of *L'Union pour l'Action Morale*. This Union has become a rendezvous for men belonging to all intellectual and religious centers. Their only aim is to establish a mutual support so as to make better use of existence. They are equally watchful in regard to every manifestation of moral life and care little for its confessional color or absence of color.

They essay all in becoming day after day more faithful to their personal convictions, resisting exclusive and sectarian tendencies, religious or political. The circular, the result of the collaboration of many of them, is certainly one of the loftiest and most human endeavors of our times.

All elements of moral and religious fermentation have felt in these latter days the influence of an idea which for the first time found its realization in the Congress of Religions at Chicago. This idea has powerfully excited the attention and worked upon the mind. The inertia and ill-will of the high Catholic clergy, and, in general, of the titled representatives of our old confessions, may perhaps prevent the renewal of the Congress of Religions, but in this event there will be a movement of a different form.

Perhaps in the dawn of the new century this old Paris, which has lost nothing of its faith in humanity or in the future, shall see this simple, grand and consoling spectacle of men of good-will, belonging to all peoples and to all the horizons of moral and religious thought, forgetting that which separates them in order to affirm that which unites them, marching towards the unknown morrow, their gaze fixed upon the Father who is in heaven.

HERE AND THERE.

MARSEILLES.

The winter's work has begun well, and our meetings, especially those on Sunday, are most encouraging, both as to numbers and as to attention. M. Quehen has quickly gained the sympathy of our friends, and Mme Quehen is full of zeal. I am much cheered by their presence here. The elder son helps us in the music, playing his violin, and our singing is led by the harmonium and three violins.

We have had testimony that the meeting at the Quai du Port has been the means of bringing blessing to several. A woman said to her friends on leaving the hall the other evening, "Oh, these gentlemen do speak nicely. I feel cheered up for all the week after hearing them." Another said, a Catholic, "I have been coming here these two years, and now I go to the temple (the Protestant Church) Sunday mornings, and come here in the afternoons." "Yes," said a lady, "it's better than going to mass." "Indeed, you are right," was the reply.

A young woman, a Catholic, married to a Protestant, came to speak to me lately to tell me of the conversion of her sister. When this young woman was converted about five years ago, she told her mother, who lives at Valence, and she was so angry, being a bigoted Catholic, that she forbade her to hold any communication with the family. All letters were stopped, and the sister at

Valence could not write to the one at Marseilles. But a Bible was sent, and lately a letter was written to say that the Word of God had been the means of bringing light to her soul. Now they can again correspond and Mme B. says that her sister is far more advanced than she is, that the mother has ceased her opposition, and that the sister can send her two children to the Sunday-school at Valence, and intends to have them brought up as Protestants.

E. LENOIR.

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